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THE NEW HAND AT THE BELLOWS.



ARCH the Fourth, 1897, has come and gone, and the Administration of WILLIAM MCKINLEY is now in progress. Inauguration Day skies were fair indeed, and the sun shone down upon the capitol with an almost Summer radiance while the new President was being installed. The whole atmosphere of the occasion was buoyant and hopeful. The people are expecting better times from the new Administration—not all at once, because there is no magic in the mere going out of one Chief Magistrate and the coming in of another; but a gradual and sure recovery of healthy business conditions, resulting naturally from the application of the old and tried Republican politics, which have never failed to work well for the country.

In his Inaugural Address President MCKINLEY struck the key-note of the new era very firmly and clearly in these words:

"The paramount duty of Congress is to stop deficiencies by the restoration of that protective legislation which has always been the firmest prop of the Treasury. The passage of such a law or laws would strengthen the credit of the Government, both at home and abroad and go far towards stopping the drain upon the gold reserve held for the redemption of our currency, which has been heavy and well nigh constant for several years."

With this end in view Congress has been summoned to meet in special session tomorrow. Its first task is to provide the Treasury with an income fully equal to its expenditures—and a little over. This being done, in the words of Mr. MCKINLEY's inaugural, "We can enter upon such changes in our finance laws as will, while insuring safety and volume to our money, no longer impose upon the Government the necessity of maintaining so large a gold reserve, with its attendant and inevitable temptations to speculation."

Such are the re-assuring pledges with

forge ring with the noise of their united activities.

THE proposition to call it Ohio instead of Pennsylvania avenue is not to be entertained. Mr. HANNA would not consent to that any more than he would agree to put the White House in a Foraker lot, or in a hole.

MCKINLEY is the second polysyllabic President since BUCHANAN. GRANT, JOHNSON, HAYES, GARFIELD, ARTHUR and CLEVELAND were succeeded by the other great polysyllablar, HARRISON.

DISTURBING THE PEACE.



EUROPEAN statesmanship is being sorely tried by the troubles in Crete and the bellicose ardor of Greece. The united fleets of the great powers have already trained their guns on the Greeks at Canea. And some of them threaten to go still further in the coercion of King George unless he withdraws his forces from the island.

Our title-page cartoon presents the humorous side of a situation which, in truth, is a most serious one, and full of reproach to the so-called Christian powers. They affect to treat Greece and Turkey as simple disturbers of the peace—quarreling cats on the fence, to be silenced by a general shower of missiles. The discreditable fact is that they are all afraid to have the existing status disturbed, either in Crete or any other part of the Turkish empire, because the moment the map is disturbed each one of them fears that the greed of the others for a portion of the Turks' dismembered estate will lead to a general war.

THE Powers are greasing their fingers in Turkey, while Great Britain feathers her nest on the Gold Coast.

A BALLAD OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Now ALL the world prepares to go
"A-wearing of the green,"
With a long farewell to ice and snow
And Winter's cheerless scene;
Spring, with the music of her voice
Wakes wildwood, field and fell,
And shall not Erin's sons rejoice
And don the green as well?
Aye, hang the good green banner out,
The long-tailed coat exalt,
Let Erin's sons with song and shout
Quaff the glad rye and malt!
And lest the tails of that same coat
He cause to disappear,
Oh, let the bearded billy goat
Be kept well to the rear!



Down with all tyrants! Let the "Mac"
And eke the honored "O"
Possess the land from proud Peapack
To far San Francisco!
For this one day the A. P. A.
And every Anti-Celt
Shall feel the good old Gaelic thrill
That stout St. Patrick felt!
Then let the Harp of Tara twang
And let the bag-pipes blow,
And let the songs the Cynry sang
Once more melodiously flow!
Fill up the cup, fill up the can,
Let the green banner float,
"St. Patrick was a gentleman"
If he didn't have a vote. J. P. B.

THE GREAT X RAY.



USNS that have set
have few worship-
pers. Nevertheless,
whether he's shoot-
ing due son Ches-
apeake Bay or graft-
ing shoots at
Princeton, Mr.
CLEVELAND must
continue to be the
X-ray of Democracy; which is to his credit,
for few ex-Presidents are luminous.

LOVE to steal a WEYLER way" is
GOMEZ's favorite hymn.